Cuckoldom Alamode, *or A Comical Relation, of an Eminent* Tallow-Chandler, *who ſneak'd off laſt Week with an* Ale-Drapers *Wife, near* Grays-Inn. *With the* Tallow-Chandlers *Wife's Lamentation for the loſs of her Husband, and the* Ale-Drapers *ſorrow for the abſence of his Wife.* 26. *Aug.* 1700.

To which is added, the Leiceſterſhire *Cobbler's misfortune, or a* Hue and Cry *after a loſt Maiden Head, in* Bell-Yard, *near* Sheare-Lane, *with other pleaſant Particulars.*

AN Eminent *Tallow-Chandler*, (it being a ſlippery Trade) lived very lately near *Red-Lyon Square*, who tho' he had a Handſome Wife of his own, would needs be handling of other Folks, Folk, and among the reſt, a Young Woman near *Grays-Inn*, but it being near the Lawyers apparments, I think it my Duty to clear up the matter ſo far as to tell my Readers ſhe was none of their Wives, (tho' ſome of them are wanton enough) but a certain *Ale-Drapers* Wife, whoſe Charming features ſo bewitch'd the Head-ſtrong *Tallow-Chandler*, that he could not be contented to go half Snacks with the *Ale-Draper*, but was ſo unreaſonable, as to play at Sweep Stakes with him, and in order to bring his unlawful project to Effect, he for ſeveral Weeks laſt paſt, frequented the *Derb*, Merchants Houſe, who being one of thoſe contented Chriſtians, who lays claim to Heaven by their Wives Tranſgreſſions; gave the *Tallow-Chandler* all the Freedom Imaginable; who Improv'd the opportunity to that degree, that he prevail'd with his Wife to leave her Husbands Tapp, and wholly take her ſelf to his Candle Mould: The Innocent Husband, tho' he was partly Sencible the *Tallow-Chandler* Traded with his Wife by Retail, yet he did not Dream in the leaſt, he would take her by the Lump; but tho' it is too true, yet contrary to the Proverb, we have made bold to make a Jeſt on't, and you may take my word for't, (if you won't be at the pains to go to ſee) that they went both away together laſt Week and neither of 'em empty Handed. The *Tallow-Chandler* (as I am Inform'd,) having took a conſiderable Summ of Money with him, and the *Ale-Drapers* Wife has Eas'd her Husband of a great many of his beſt moveables, except his own Tool which ſhe did not like, leaving her Husband, who was before a mild and contented Man; (but now a Horn-Mad Cuckold) fretting and raving in ſuch a ſad & deplorable manner, that 'twould grieve a Bodies Heart to hear his Sighs & Lamentations, tho' to do him juſtice, 'tis not ſo much for the loſs of his Wife, as the diſcovery of His Horns, which till then he kept *Incognito*, and that which aggravates his misfortune, he hears that they are on their way to *Ireland*, ſo that he is like to bid adieu to his light Heel'd Wife. And the *Tallow-Chandlers* Wife to her wanton and Laſcivious Husband, he having left her ſeveral ſmall Children.

The Leiceſterſhire Cobbler's *misfortune.*

A Certain *Cobbler*, alias *Tranſlator* of Shooes, of the Firſt and Second Edition, keeping a large Bulk, near *Bell Yard*, by *Sheer Lane*; and having often been a deridder and ſcoffer at other Mens misfortunes, eſpecially Female Incumbrances; had the evil Fortune himſelf to fall into the like Inconveniency, for lately Trading between the two Hams, for an Inviſible thing call'd a Maiden Head, and having by the uſe of his Awl, and other Dexterous and Natural Ingenuity deprived the right owner of it; and being not able to make reſtitution; the careleſs looſer Mrs. *Abigal-Wagtail*, who now lives at the Stool of Repentance, came laſt Week to his renowned Stall, where ſhe produced the Fruits of his Labour as a Teſtimony againſt him affirming that he was the Man who rifled her Copy-hold, and conſequently had Robb'd her of that Treaſure, which he was not able to reſtore; the Cobler at firſt was in great conſternation, looking as White as a Clout; to ſee ſuch unwelcome viſſiters but ſeeing there was no way to avoid keeping the Battling: He told his Neighbours that it was in vain to deny the matter ſince ſhe produced his Hand & Seal to the Contract; and thereupon was forced to give Security to the Pariſh for the maintenance thereof.

Thus many Men, they laugh at others Crimes,
Tho' they themſelves, Committ ſuch many times,
Mocking is Catching, now the Cobbler ſees,
For his paſt Pleaſure, he muſt Pay his Fees,

Printed For *William Hurd*, near *the* Strand.